

THE CHURCH OF THE GESU

They pass through a city's streets, amid the bustle of rolling men, wild hearts that beat with fever heat, and back to the tramp of hurrying feet, and think of the career of each life, in their struggle for gold 'til the very end.

Montreal, February 17th, 1883. R. O'BRIEN.

THE DWARF'S SECRET

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED. THE DWARF'S SECRET.

"Take those to the banker, and say that a person who brings him news is waiting." The lackey suddenly changed his mind about the desk, and, anxious to display his great zeal, refused to transmit the commission to M. Nicols' valet, but ran up-stairs himself, and asked to speak to the banker. The banker, in surprise, told them to admit the man. The letter, whose name was Lamourel, bent double and said, in a voice of well-feigned emotion, "You will pardon my unusual conduct, sir, in consideration of my motive."

Nicols opened a drawer and counted out the money, handing it to the Naine. "I am waiting," he said simply. "Will you give orders that no one interrupts us?" said the Naine; "what I have to say will be long."

The banker threw himself back in his chair with forced and painful resignation, saying, "I am listening." "Louise was as good as she was pretty, and as confiding as good. She did not know how to lie herself, and she never dreamt that any one could deceive her. A man told her that he loved her, spoke of marriage, and of a brilliant future. Louise saw in such a union the happiness of her family, an affection equal on both sides, and all the joy of an alliance contracted in the sight of God and men, and—"

soon ceased to live. You have the announcement of your marriage there; here is the report of the policeman, testifying to having found Louise's body in the river."

"What had I done to you?" said Nicols; "I never even saw you." "What had you done to me?" she screamed. "Did you forget my dreams of fortune, my farm, the future Louise meant to make for me, if you had kept your promise? Do not pretend to be more loving than I am. I was sorry for Louise, because she was always kind and sympathizing, but I was more sorry for the fortune of which you had robbed me, my doubt, sorrow filled me with rage and hatred against you. My rage was that of a beast deprived of its prey. For months I was half crazed, going from the river to the cemetery. Sometimes I wept for my sister, often yet I oast about for means of revenge. I thought of taking an axe or stick and killing you, some dark night, at the street corner. But I remembered that your sufferings would be too short, and I sought another means. Dying would be only one struggle, a little blood spilt, and that's all. Louise had only suffered for a short time, but I was never to realize my hopes. Beings like me, deformed in mind and body, are slow and sluggish. At last, one day I heard you required a nurse. I knew you had a child. My vengeance was at hand. That day I uttered shrieks of joy and danced like a madwoman. At last I could punish you; at last I could avenge my sister on your wife and child."

"I am your mother." "But he turned from me in horror, and covered his face with his hands." "The Naine paused a moment to enjoy the banker's horror and despair, then went on: "The physical sufferings of the child were nothing to the moral harm done him. When they finished his body he possessed his mind, but his mind was perverted and wicked. He was a monster, a blasphemer, and his childish speech was a diatribe of horror. One day I had some thoughts of sending him back to you. The Northern Hercules asked me to be his wife. It was a temptation. I might have had some taste of happiness. But the Hercules would not have your son. Common sense, however, forbade me to accept this man, who would no doubt have soon begun to treat me cruelly. The end of our agreement came. I had saved. I had learned many lucrative trades in my travels. I refused to remain in the troupe. I went to Paris, where I was to find the completion of my revenge. I discovered your address. I found that the misery of having lost your child had estranged you from your wife. She no longer loved you; your affection for her was more in appearance than in reality; you had only one idol, gold; one desire, gold; one love, gold—always gold."

"Men spoke of your operations at the Bourse, and envied your happiness. I knew better, and I never envied you. I placed Marc at a modest boarding school, commanding him to be silent as to the past. Fear or pride made him discreet, and more wonderful still, he studied. His progress was rapid. I paid his expenses, at first out of my savings, then with my wages." "You repeated then?" said the banker. "I repeat. You shall see. I left the necessary money with the schoolmaster for Marc, and disappeared. I would have wished him to forget me; it would have better suited my plans. At eighteen he had a depraved, perverse, thoroughly evil nature. As a child he had not been innocent; as a man he was utterly bad. At the age when most young men know little of life he was hardened in evil. He was hypocrite enough to disguise his wickedness, and self-controlled enough to await the time for its full enjoyment. He played a double role in the world: an honest man by day, he was a thief by night. For the rest, being a pretty, well-dressed boy, paying large sums to his tailor, perfuming his hair, and using rice powder like a woman, with manners by turns insolent or fawning, he succeeded in obtaining a situation in an honorable house."

"It was a classical work—a perfect representation of that severity of outline made modern by the perfection of form, of which Coysevox dreamed and Oldon revealed the secret. Certainly it required little skill of the highest genius to create that polished yet living group, breathing youth, glowing youth, its author might well exclaim, 'My place is won.'"

"I have just begun my series of articles on the Salon of 1873," said an art-critic, "and I will boldly proclaim Hylas and the Nymphs the work of the year. In all my visits to the studios of Paris I have seen nothing to approach this work." "It means fame, Benedict," said the poet Gildas. "And happiness," added a novelist. "To your health, Benedict! to Hylas! to the medal!" "Thanks, thank my friends!" said Benedict, pleased at their enthusiasm, "you give me confidence. One always distrusts himself on the eve of battle. While we are at work the fever of production sustains us; when we have finished we begin to judge what is done."

never surprised, only animated. You will give me a new vein." "I paid my debts," said Xavier. "I showed your debts," said a painter. "Can you show your debts?" "I understand," said the crayon artist, "he paid his debts, to establish a base of confidence for future operations."

"What success you will have at the Exposition!" said another. "You remember how they gave the medal to Hylas for his classical figure of Orion? Why, you are sure of it." "I have just begun my series of articles on the Salon of 1873," said an art-critic, "and I will boldly proclaim Hylas and the Nymphs the work of the year. In all my visits to the studios of Paris I have seen nothing to approach this work." "It means fame, Benedict," said the poet Gildas. "And happiness," added a novelist. "To your health, Benedict! to Hylas! to the medal!" "Thanks, thank my friends!" said Benedict, pleased at their enthusiasm, "you give me confidence. One always distrusts himself on the eve of battle. While we are at work the fever of production sustains us; when we have finished we begin to judge what is done."